Friday

Yes, darling honey, I shall be in
all Monday evening. I shall
expect you anytime after four.
And will you stay & dine
with me alone? Please do
if you can. That would be nice.

Don't mind being as
miserable as you like with me —
I have a great turn that way
myself —

A thousand smiles but
Quite flirtatious loves
depend upon you at this
moment — what is
I know very very horrid,
my poor dear honey.

Feb - 1928

Thursday

I shall arrive at Sevenoaks at 1.12 tomorrow — that seems the only train - a thing till 6.30 so I'm afraid you'll have to give me not only a beer for my tea but a bone for my lunch. Ring up if for any reason this don't suit. But I'm longing to see you, & we could sit out in the sun: anyhow talk, talk, talk, & by the way I'm now called Bosman's Polto, not V.W. by arrangement - it fines name, don't you think? more resonant.

Have you slept? Have you dreamt?

How are you?

Yrs

B.P.

23

Monday

would Friday be too late for you? – if I came then & spent the night? I've had to go to bed with a sore throat & a little temperature, but shall be cured tomorrow & in robust health (underscore dense of the word) on Friday: I do mean to try to manage it –

And could you send me one of your new poems? Please do!

And how are you?

And do you love me?

Yours

Yo cron: I was just finishing Orlando.

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Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621

Monday.
March 1928

Dearest Vanessa,

Why don't you ring me up on Wednesday & I only get it on Monday? Might be Persia over again. I'm afraid you're not very happy – You sound unhappy. What's to be done about Berlin & the Ambassadors Coach with the purple footman on the box? Wolfie will no doubt speak her mind to Harold. My mind is at your service if you can use it. And Polly has a large warm heart, but then she can't write. Virginia also writes.

And I ought to be dining with Clive to meet Lord Berners, & all owing to you I'm sitting over the fire instead. It's the damned Orlando – I want to finish it, & can't finish it; & then I wake in the night so excited I have to take a sleeping draught & so spend my day moping. But we are going to Redmell for three or four days & there – please God – I'll be for finished off; & I shall come back refreshed. I rather think, too, it's an addled egg: too hasty, too ~~Hoho~~ Splash-dashery & all over the place. But I shall put them in a drawer till May. Why

Lecture the Danes on Country when you might give Kipling
(who is worth all Copenhagen) a practical demonstration in
the art of love? No - we start on the 25th: &
so shall miss you completely.

I do miss you. There's no fish mongers & poissonerie in my life without you. All's a grind over cobbles. Libby,
Clive, Stackbrokers, Oboline, Molly, the Press—
such is my round, with Dolly hovering on the outskirts &
Lady Margaret. Shall I lunch with her, & be
undrscandrd by my Sevigne? Think not. Do what's there left?
The art of literature. But I don't think I have anything
of profound importance to say about that. Lucas
was so smug on the telephone that I refused to give him my
article: & I've refused to write for the Evening Standard on
the 9th year of marriage: & I've refused to write for the
Encyclopaedia; on the other hand, I think I shall write a
little article on Queen Elizabeth's nose for Eve. At
Oboline's I met James Stephens; a little barrel organ
monkey man, Copeauian as a — oh I can't think at the
moment what's Copeauian exept my jar jar. He
said Keats spent 20 years making Leda; & used
to say it over & over, till even the weight of every
word was right: sometimes he would take one out,
then next year put it in again. For Lord sake,

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Translate Rilke. Only be sure of your rights; & that there's no other in English. Read some (prose) in French: & thought it good up to a point: subtle, melodious: but not quite getting over the obstacle. His poetry may be better, probably, from what they say, this: yet certainly dainty.

Did you know that I talk French very well? That is with great fluency, some inaccuracy, & a good deal of many words not in the Dictionary Saint-Simon? This is the report of my French teacher. I have known this Student Jew. Now a youngish woman; then an old man; then again a very seductive elderly Bohemian; who told me the 'lover English women'. From each I get a different story. I am thinking of learning Italian, Spanish, & Russian, not for the language, but for the life histories & the psychoses. I only want you to know the fact: that I do talk French: because you will never hear me; & then I get a little more given with you in real-woman-talk. All real women talk French, & powder their noses.

By the way, do you think I know you? Intimately? A question that I shall ask myself tomorrow morning. You are driving down to Knole, & as you go, you exhibit the most profound & secret side of your character.

Eddy wrote a very very testy letter about Herr Waglenfeil. Never
have I met anyone so frankly peevish. It can't be the
aristocracy - I mean some obscure self-assertiveness bred (very
mistakenly) by thinking oneself superior- because Orlando
hasn't a touch yet. I've showed many Mrs Spender Clay.
I met her, & she seemed intelligent, & amiable, & very pretty.
But to marry Eddy seems to me wearing a hair shirt for life;
Raymond is 'the most unhappy man in the world" — & do he
said the other night: but I asked for no details.

Goodnight now. I am so sleepy with Chloral
simmering in my spine that I can't write, nor yet
stop writing. I feel like a moth, with heavy
scarlet eyes, & a soft cape of down — a moth
about to settle in a sweet bush. Would it were —
ah but that's improper.

Please darling, creature, be happier. Or at any
rate tell me the truth about yourself.

My love to Harold.

His book is
doing very
well, & we're
very pleased
altogether.
Would he like reviews sent him?

Yrs
Virginia

30/10

I wish kiss Bottome of Mercy dee
her Story.

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12th March
1928

Dearest Stanley,

But why haven't yu got my letter – there & there! –
written directly I had yours. I had one from yu this
morning, written on the 8th. True, it was sent to
Rodmell; but why 4 days from Berlin? Another
tribute to the efficiency of the British Embassy, I
imagine.

We went down for 3 days hot sunshine at Rodmell,
& were beaten & caged up by the worst post-
Xmas weather. Do parched & frozen was I, I couldn't
write a word of Orlando, & have brought it back, like
an old man of the sea, to finish here. And
the Americans must have the first chapter by May 1st!
Ah Americans – I could wish another 3 volumes-
all yr fault. Easily, Easily. Appendyces blossom in my head.
Then there – the Index, & the bibliography. Oh
Vita Vita, how yu have brought my life to ruin,
& wasted the fair taper in a sea of grease!
I lunched with – yes, yu know who, & she wants me by

the way to call her Bloody Poll in future — at least to the last orange hieroglyph reads — & there I met a little gnome called Knoblock & we stood in silent wonder half an hour raging this vast of thing.

V. "Oh Yes", Enchanting.

K. "Enchanting? That's not strong enough. Wr. Wooly. Great. Vitas a great woman.

V. Yes. Great. But so adorable; not merely Great.

K. adorable, I admit. But her character — that's what so unsurpassable. She knows her fans she was a lovely girl. very shy, her hands & feet running away from her, & yellow, at her first party. and the more I knew the more I find to admire.

V. Admire? No Mr. Knoblock. That's not strong enough. Love.

K. Yes. Love this.

& so on & so on.

Meanwhile, in between this fulsome chatwidge. I felt in love with Noel Coward, & he's coming to tea. You can't have all the love in Chelsea — Poppo must have some. Noel Coward must

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have some. I played a funny trick. I had no hat. Bought one for 7/11 3/4 at a shop in Oxford Street; green felt; the wrong coloured ribbon; ah a ~~f~~ flop like a pancake in midair. Even I thought I looked odd. But I wanted to see what happens among real women if one of them looks like a pancake in mid air. In came the dashing vermeil-tinctured red-stopper-bottle-looking Mrs. Edwin Montagu. She ~~f~~ Started. She positively deplored me. Then hid a smile. Looked again. Thought ah what a tragedy! Looked me even in the pitied. Overheard my skirting. Was puzzled. Finally conquered. You see, women can't hold out against this kind of flagrant disarmal of all womanliness. They open their arms as to a flayed bird in a blast: whereas, the Manes of their wood, with every feather in place, are pecked, stoned, often die, every feather stained with blood. at the bottom of the cage.

Couldn't you make it the 21st instead of the 28th, honey? 2 do. I hear your Vanessa that motoring in France is no joke: she just bore bang into a ~~f~~ tree & smashed her Renault; so think of me

I have been flying: but no room to tell you how I just missed death.

no- my singers, & you not back to see the last of me. Did I tell you how well I speak French? "Madame, you must have French blood in you!" "Yes Sir, my great grand mother was a French Marquise" — ah, but I think I told you of the exquisite joy this gives me before. And you'll never hear me — that's what's so tantalising for you: the great grand daughter of the French Marquise.

I told them to send your books. I wish you'd write to Harold, whose letter enchants me, but shews a guilty conscience. He is ashamed of being an Ambassador. I am ashamed that any friend of mine should be married to a man who may be an Ambassador. Better be a postman — no, no, this must be written to Harold humbly. Leonard is indignant that Harold should think he wrote the article about the F. O. in the Nation: Swan Henderson probably. Leonard has written nothing: has been meeting Bernstorf at Clive's: Clive being ubiquitous & really I think, March-hare-mad: one hears his drumming through the squares at night.

Darling, are you happy or unhealthy? Working? Loving? Shall send me a long letter, a big paper, because Potto likes that best. Look [illegible] that's Potto: this is

Virginia

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Dearest, Mrs Nicolson,

O what a curse these transltors are!
Tell your Bosom freind Mrs Voigt Something or other
that all I can say is that I have received a cheque from,
and signed a contract with, the Insel Verlag which is
I understand the Fishcher Verlag by which they are to
produce Mrs Dalloway this autumn and The Lighthouse
later. But all communications must be thrpugh
Curtis Brown.

Our address will be from ~~on~~ the 2nd and till
the 9th

La Bruyère, Cassis, Bouches du Rhône, France.

Here! What beginners like ain't it? The worst of beginning is it dries the finer faculties I was find it very hard to continue. Potts has gone out for a walk with Punka so I can't get him to help.

ORLANDO IS FINISHED! !.'

Did you feel a sort of tug, as you read was being broken on Saturday last at 5 minutes to one? That was when he died — a rather clothed Talking, with three letters dots.... Now every word will have to be re-written, & I see no chance of finishing it by September - It's all over the place, incoherent, intolerable, impossible - And I am sick of it. The question now is, will my feelings for you be changed? I've lived in you all these months. Coming out, what are you really like? Do you exist? Have I made you up?

But I don't want to write another word for months — not a letter even - Do you even feel words have sense & shape in the dark? Can you squeeze it & nothing comes? In October my mind was Dr. Ppmey: That is the only type.

Last night at 12 Clive rang me up. He was quarrelsome drunk. Dotty rang me up. She was merry drunk - They were in the same room. Also there were Christa, Raymond & an unknown man. Here in my room at 12 o'clock were Roger & his mentem: the stunned Fartin.

But we were sober.

That sort of instant communication of two worms fascinate me - You sat down the

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telephone, & the whole Atlantic, very
dark & between you: how very kind to
mean you could see into the light of the
billiard room.

I have been reading Hazlitt. For 5
minutes my mind runs on the same
tracks that the book runs on. I can
only think in the same curves.
Could you tell me where I began to
read Hazlitt, where I left off?
Are you a circle? How nice. Sit
down & think about yourself.

Virginia says,
"yes. I just drew Vita for a moment
before she left"
She didn't. But she
As it became she tells them his

that me is never intimate with her?

There just listened in — in Kelly's bedroom — to the Prince of Wales speaking about Merchant Seamen. In the middle Leonard came in, with Pinker. Again, this was very odd. The dinner, the cheering, the Prince stumbling along like an old stiff cat horse: a Pinker scratching my leg. at the same time.

Bottome! Bottome! If the dirt come such I shall miss her.

My French teacher is of low persuasion. She is now recruited with me, for some obscure reason. Stirk, my accent is admirable. (This I shall repeat, repeat, because it is one of my secret shames — like not being able to do my hair, or powder —)

God Vita what a dark letter! The truth is, I'm talking to Leonard

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about Sir Thomas Browne; & bugging a rug; &
am incredibly sick of my own words
Darlychrature, send me a long
lovely letter to Cassis.
I am rather depressed.
Orlando so bad.
Cant write.
Can Love
but when Vita's away
shant see her for ever so long.
But
continue please to think me charming
and write to me.
Virginia